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The Saturday Review of Literature

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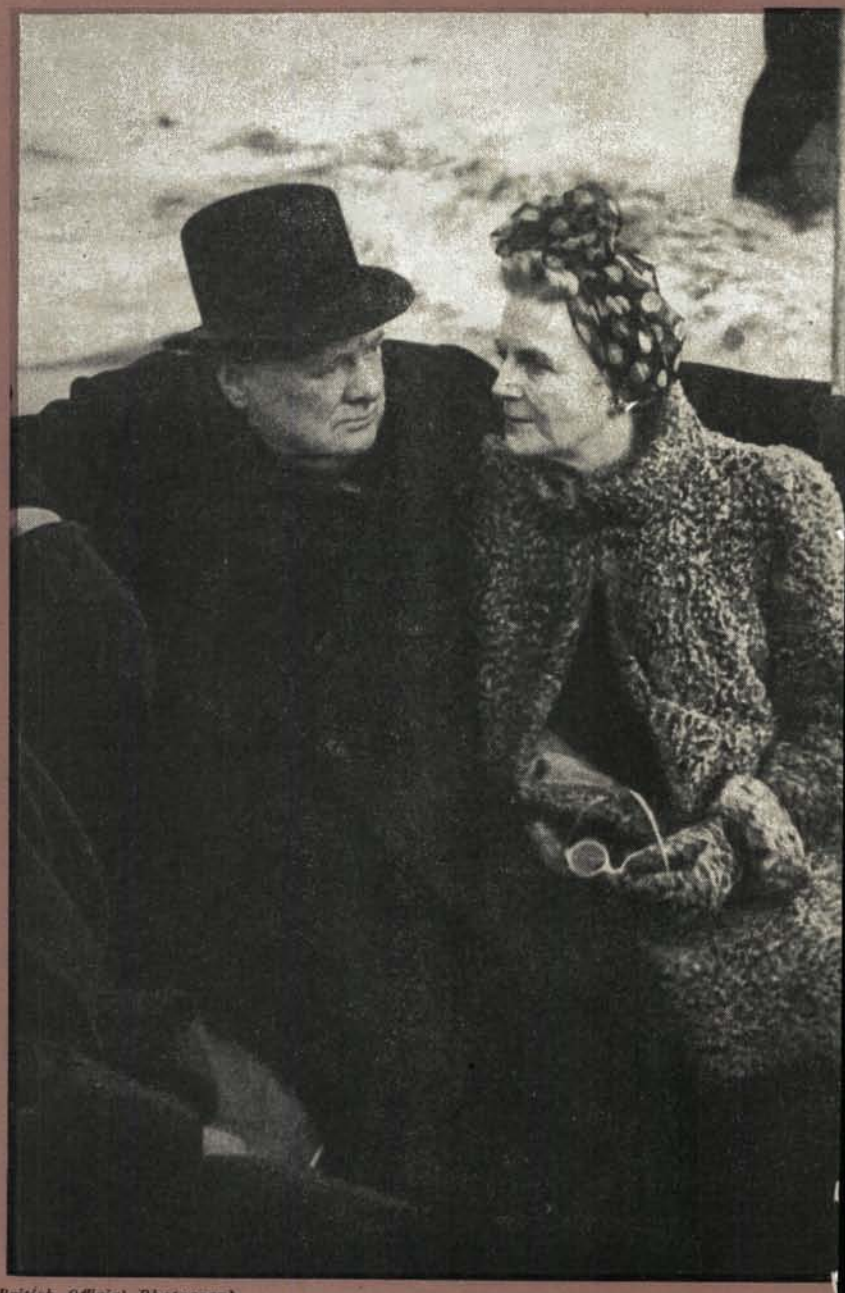

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MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "No novelist could have invented his [Mr. Churchill's] story." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Nazi Crusade against Intelligence

WALLACE R. DEUEL

One of the most important books to be published in the next few weeks is "People under Hitler," by Wallace R. Deuel, the young university instructor who became the top-flight foreign correspondent in Berlin for The Chicago Daily News. *The accompanying article, drawn from that book, tells of the place in Nazidom for free creative minds. (Harcourt, Brace.)*

"WITH the victory of national socialism," Hitler has said, "the play of free forces introduced by democracy came to an end" in German Kultur as in all other phases of the national life.

A more pithy summing up of one of the most important characteristics of the new Nazi Kultur could not be asked for. Because in the New Germany culture, like everything else, is regimented within an inch of its life. To the unreconstructed, in fact, it appears that culture is regimented several inches beyond life.

The patterns to which the new Kultur must conform are fixed by the national socialist party. The artists, writers, musicians, and others who may contribute to the new Kultur live and work on the sufferance of the party, and they must belong to and be licensed by the Chamber of Kultur of the party. The Kultur which they create is subject to the most piercing scrutiny by agents of the party. And it and they are judged, rewarded, and punished by the party.

"Freedom of artistic creation is also guaranteed in the new state," Dr. Goebbels has remarked, using "freedom" in the Nazi, or nonsensical, meaning of the term. "This artistic creation [however] takes place within the sharply limited field of our national necessity and responsibility. [And] these limits are fixed by politics, not by art."

"In the various sections of the Chamber of Kultur," the minister has explained, "the German artist of today is educated to consciousness of his profession, to discipline, and to a sense of corps honor."

There is no nonsense about this discipline, either:

"All we national socialists are convinced that we are right," Dr. Goebbels has said, "and we cannot bear with anyone else who maintains that he is right. For if he is right, then he must be a national socialist, and if he is not a national socialist, then he is not right."

"Just as the soldier cannot be allowed to strike and shoot when and as he likes," Dr. Goebbels has explained, "and just as the peasant cannot be permitted to sow and reap what and where he wishes, so the author has no right to go beyond the limits of the people's welfare in living his individual life." Here again, of course, the Nazis define the limits.

So, too, are all other agents of the new Kultur obliged to respect limits set by the regime. Even news dealers are included. They, too, must belong to the Chamber of Kultur, and they, too, are ordered "to reject everything in contradiction to national socialism." Scientists likewise have this same obligation. Some of them, at least, however, have lived up to it only imperfectly on occasion, it appears. For Julius Streicher, the sex-maniac Jew-baiter of Nuremberg, found it desirable some time ago to forbid all scientific lectures on race questions in his bailiwick. Such lectures, he explained, were having a "diluting and distorting effect on the national socialist philosophy of life" in Franconia.

These negative controls are supplemented by positive measures, although the Nazis themselves admit that it is good to destroy what is bad, no matter what your standards of good and bad may be.

Hanns Johst, for some time president of the Reich Chamber of Literature, one of the sections of the Chamber of Kultur, has indicated one positive method of attack. The German people, he said in a speech at Weimar, are to be induced "by loving force" to read the works of Nazi authors—which apparently were not being read, at the time, by virtue of any other inducements.

A good many Germans, in fact, have shown a regrettable distaste for what the Nazis consider they should like and an even more regrettable fondness for what the Nazis consider they should not like.

Production of Schiller's "Don Carlos" in the winter of 1936-1937 provided audiences all over Germany, for example, with the occasion for showing a partiality for freedom which, under the circumstances, could only be viewed as a distinct lack of enthusiasm for their own lot and for the regime that was responsible for it:

In Act III of "Don Carlos," King Phillip II tells the Marquis Posa to look about him and observe the peace and well-being that obtain in Spain.

"The peace of a cemetery!" Posa retorts, and goes on:

"You alone in Europe wish to turn back the wheel of history? To seize and halt the irresistible spokes of destiny? You shall not do so.

"Already thousands flee, poor but happy, from your domain. The citizens you have lost were your best.

"You plant for eternity by sowing death? Such a work of violence will

—From "He Who Laughs Lasts," edited and published by Hans Olav and Tor Myklebost.

A Gestapo agent came upon a young Norwegian sailor who was sitting in front of his home in Bergen reading a day-old copy of the London *Times*. The German's wrath boiled over.

"Who gave you that verboten and verdammt paper?" he demanded.

"No one GAVE it to me," calmly replied the sailor. "I subscribe to it."

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not outlast the life of its author. . . .

"Give up this deification of yourself which is destroying us! Become an example of the eternal and the true! Never had mortal so many means at his disposal . . . One stroke of the pen from this [the king's] hand and the earth is created anew.

"Give us back freedom of thought!"

This speech struck a responsive chord in the hearts of German audiences. It described a situation which seemed somehow familiar, and it expressed sentiments they found admirable. Audience after audience burst into storms of applause that stopped performances for several minutes on end.

Earlier in Nazi rule, Berlin audiences had shown an equally regrettable fondness for quite completely non-Nazi music. They had demanded repeated encores of music by Paul Hindemith, for example, just after an official anathema had been pronounced on all his works.

Nazi radio programs, on the other hand, were so widely and so heartily criticized for a time that Horst Dressler-Andress, president of the Chamber of the Radio in the Chamber of Kultur, said that the criticisms were "an insult to German Kultur," and film audiences in Berlin enthusiastically hissed a picture written and produced by Willi Krause, Reich Film Adviser in the Propaganda Ministry.

Still another audience, a predominantly Catholic one in Westphalia, interrupted the performance of a play about Widikind with angry shouts of, "No history faking!" The director appeared and explained that the play was being produced with the special approval of Dr. Goebbels, but the utterance of this name did anything but soothe the citizens, and the angry shouts were redoubled.

The authoritarian state, however, obviously cannot permit its authority to be flouted, and appropriate measures were taken for dealing with this recalcitrance:

Hindemith's music was banned altogether from Germany. An official organ of the Hitler Youth warned audiences that excessive enthusiasm for Posa's plea for liberty might have unpleasant consequences. In Westphalia, S. A. men removed the obstreperous Catholics from the galleries so that Dr. Goebbels's approved drama about Widikind could be played out in peace. Dressler-Andress announced that further criticism of Nazi radio programs would not be tolerated. And Wilhelm Frick, Reich Minister of the Interior, himself issued a warning against treasonable behavior on the part of motion picture audiences.

The public must not show disapproval of films passed by the Nazi censorship, he said. In some cases, Frick asserted, audiences had even hissed pictures which had been approved by Hitler himself. Demonstrations against such films constituted "express defiance of the will of the Fuehrer," Frick said, and were "calculated in the highest degree to endanger the authority of the state and cause unrest among the people."

The logic of authoritarianism as expounded by Dr. Frick is unanswerable in a police—or secret police—state, and "express defiance of the will of the Fuehrer" is no laughing matter in the Third Reich. Up to the present, at least, there has been no Marquis Posa in the New Germany. The demonstrations against officially approved films ceased almost altogether. You never know who may be sitting next to you in a theater.

"The national socialist movement," says Alfred Rosenberg, "strives for the totality of the national socialist philosophy of life in all spheres." Dr. Rosenberg, for once in his life, at least, is too modest. For the Nazis not only strive for totality, but they succeed in achieving it, to a degree that is almost incredible. The process of achieving it is known as "education."

"The national socialist movement," Hitler himself has said, "has given the state the directives for the education of our people. This education does not begin in one certain year and end in another. The education of the individual never comes to an end."

It hardly can come to an end, in fact, because it is totalitarian. That is, it extends to every conceivable phase and aspect of life. It extends to history, to geography, to philosophy, to art, music, the theater, and, of course, the schools. It also extends to religion, science, and mathematics. It extends to the homeliest, most intimate stuff of the everyday life of the people.

One ardent "educator" has held that the new Kultur policy should even extend to wax models in store windows and to children's dolls. The display of "Aryan style" wax models by Jewish merchants is an insult to German womanhood, this patriot wrote at a time when Jews were still allowed to be merchants in the Third Reich, and Jewish children should not be allowed to play with "Aryan-appearing" dolls.

The Nazis dealt with the first of these problems by wrecking and looting every Jewish place of business in Germany and forbidding Jews to open new ones, and with the second problem by impoverishing the Jews to such a degree that many of them could hardly afford dolls of any kind for their children—and by undertaking to drive them all out of Germany, men, women,

(*Continued on page* 18)

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The Human Phoenix

MR. CHURCHILL. By Philip Guedalla. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 338 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

SINCE Mr. Churchill has not authorized any of the chatter about him which floods from the press, we turn to Mr. Guedalla as the most responsible of those who have delved in the newspaper files and among the Churchill data. This book of his has a sobriety that suggests the frightening quality of Mr. Churchill upon a mind that has shown no reverence towards Palmerston, Gladstone, and Wellington. He makes from time to time a slight and envious protest against Mr. Churchill's brilliance as a writer, slyly suggesting that the magnesium of rhetoric has got into the dynamite of his prose. But it is an honest, and factual portrait of a man of infinite capacity, who received press-cuttings with his milk bottle.

Mr. Churchill had the great good fortune not only to be born in the ducal aura, the son of a vivid and gallant failure, but he also inherited an impecuniosity that compelled a polo-playing lieutenant to regard ink as more promising than blood. Had his lovely American mother's fortune followed tradition, the history of the world might have been different, and worse. Courage, energy, and faith were her chief gifts to him and their influence is written into every line of this vivid story.

Mr. Guedalla blithely ignores the fact that Mr. Churchill has a brother. He should have explained how "a lively infant upon whom they had bestowed the names of Winston Leonard—the first for Blenheim, and the second for New York" became Winston Spencer Churchill, since, among domestic details, we learn that his home was the first private house in London to have electric light. The red-headed little boy at Harrow revealed thus early one trait that has remained, he dictated his English essays, which he swopped for Latin translations, while walking up and down the room; that method remains, and is the only pedestrian thing about Mr. Churchill's speeches.

What a vivid, varied life story this is. No novelist could have invented it, for no novelist could have made credible this record of volatile pugnacity, sublime luck, and malign Fate, of the whole world ablaze as a setting for the rise of the Pheonix from the ashes of despair. Twice he had a rendezvous with Death, once in the trenches, and once on Fifth Avenue. He fooled the shrewd Asquith, who was luckless enough to express, in writing, the opinion that "it is a pity he has not a better sense of proportion, I am really fond of him but I regard his future with many misgivings. I do not think he will ever get to the top in English politics." There was nothing wrong with that opinion. It would have come true except for a disastrous birth at Branau. There was a moment when Mr. Churchill had a similar misgiving about himself, and I can never forget the sad figure of a political candidate whose mounting rejections seem to pronounce his permanent eclipse. Long cold-shouldered by the Conservatives, he braved a conspiracy of incompetence but reaped a triumph such as Cassandra never knew.

Mr. Guedalla very carefully and clearly follows that travail in the wilderness. Had the piece of paper flourished by Mr. Chamberlain, returning from Munich, been anything else but a declaration of one man's perfidy and another man's folly, history would have written of Mr. Churchill as a failure in public life, undeservedly so, for the albatross of the Dardanelles was never a bird that should have been hung round the neck of so gallant a mariner. These pages of the dark years in a brilliant life are the best in Mr. Guedalla's book. We see Fate forming in the womb of history. As the author points out, the prophetic gift is here united with magnanimity of the first order. If Mr. Churchill now wished, what an oration of fire he could pour upon the Baldwin-Chamberlain machinations; but courage and not contempt finds life in his words. Mr. Guedalla skilfully threads the political labyrinth of the pre-war days,

Philip Guedalla

and he treads delicately through the morass of the Abdication, when an adroit Prime Minister, mantling himself in shining virtue, contrived to exhibit Mr. Churchill as a shabby actor on a memorable scene. That seemed the end, but a discordant solo was drowned by the orchestration of Fate, and again, in English history, a Churchill picked up a baton. Explaining that championship, so costly to Mr. Churchill, Mr. Guedalla forcefully observes "he had more reason than most men to know all that a happy marriage, which was the King's desire, means to a public man."

I doubt if Mr. Guedalla is right in stating that Mr. Churchill was a Coalition-Liberal candidate at West Leicester. I played some small part in that campaign and vividly recall one night, after we had returned from a public meeting, Mr. Churchill, while in the act of swallowing oysters in a hotel sitting-room, opening a telegram of commendation from his former chief Asquith, which he read like a salute from the grave. Defeat dogged us again, and that was the nadir of the Churchillian saga. Seventeen years later Mr. Churchill, like Atlas, carried the world on his shoulders. Let every man read this record and learn that defeat can be written into no man's record this side of the grave.

I could wish that Mr. Guedalla had paid tribute to his subject as an administrator. I saw him enter the chaos of the Ministry of Munitions and, putting wholesome fear into us all by a tireless omnisience, bring order and action into a dossier-deluged administration. His reign at the Admiralty, as every seaman knows, was always distinguished by a swift clarity in decision that lost nothing from a spirit of daring. No one would call Mr. Churchill easy to work with; he not only will not suffer fools, he challenges giants with a rough pugnacity. The years, I believe, have mellowed him without reducing his force. Someone who knew him intimately observed to me that to know him is to taste all his faults and then learn to admire him progressively. Mr. Guedalla's conscientious record bears out that judgment. His handling of the last phase, whose completion is still in the womb of time, is extremely balanced and free from the intoxication of hero-worship. This is the best survey that has yet appeared, and henceforth let all Churchill biographers be dumb. For if faith and courage in a lion heart win to the goal, a worn carpet at Chartwell will again bear witness to the Muse of History in action.

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A Philadelphia Story

ALONG THESE STREETS. By Struthers Burt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 608 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

ACCORDING to the epigraph of O. Henry's famous "A Municipal Report" there are only three "story cities" in the United States—New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco. In the O. Henry generation, and, indeed, until recently, Philadelphia was content to bask in the waning sunlight of historical romance. S. Weir Mitchell was the last novelist to "do" Philadelphia, but he seldom got beyond the adoption of the constitution; and his successors were content with the Pennsylvania Dutch, patches of suburban elegance à la Hergesheimer, or the glossy splendors of *The Saturday Evening Post*. The phrase of the muckrakers for Philadelphia was "corrupt and contented," and novelists proposed neither to examine the corruption nor to disturb the contentment.

Comes now Mr. Struthers Burt with "Along These Streets," a long, loose, leisurely novel containing, among other things, a Philadelphia story. I say "among other things" because the slow pace and Victorian amplitude of the book have room for passages about men and monkeys (Mr. Burt seems a touch disturbed by the anthropological reflections of Professor Hooton), men and women, and men and nations. The book begins in the Canal Zone and concludes with a motor trip around the United States. H. M. Pulham, Esq., was torn between two ladies; Felix MacAlister, hero of Mr. Burt's observations, seems for many chapters likely to be divided among three. The Bostonian, even with the aid of Marvin Myles, was unable to escape the moral earnestness and family pressure of Beacon Hill; Mr. MacAlister marries his New York goddess (after a good deal of aid from the author) largely because the lawyer in charge of his estate proves to be corrupt and because our hero is illegitimate at the time of his birth, even though his parents married later.

What constitutes a city? The Marquand library (Occidental division) equates Boston with what is numerically the tiniest fraction of its population. Mr. MacAlister's fortune is partially in Philadelphia slum real estate, and at honorable intervals Mr. Burt or his hero reminds the reader that the heart of old Philadelphia is an area of sociological degeneration. But the vast Negro population is represented only by a faithful colored servant; the vast "immigrant" population is represented scarcely at all; the vast working class, the enormous lower middle class, the whole Lumpenproletariat—these do not appear. One would not learn from "Along These Streets" that Philadelphia is a huge industrial city—the closest one comes to commerce is to walk along the docks and to edit a magazine. In sum, Philadelphia, for purposes of this narrative, is synonymous with a tiny fraction of Anglo-Saxondom, the Philadelphia of old clubs, the Assemblies, good eating, and conservative investments.

On the foibles of this small group Mr. Burt is sometimes malicious and usually amusing. He sees through them and he sees around them, but he also loves them even when he berates them. But the "city novel" as written by Messrs. Marquand and Burt is scarcely a novel of the city at all. The people who count in "Along These Streets" are all within the magic circle of birth and breeding; we never look at Philadelphia or at them through the eyes of any representative of the majority of Philadelphia citizens.

Mr. Burt has, of course, the privilege of writing his novel any way he pleases. He has written a slow-paced, readable, sagacious book which amidst its ups and downs (and it is an uneven performance) is filled with an honorable and passionate desire to keep the American way of life for Americans. But his incessant desire to reflect, to wisecrack, to meditate, in his own person or in the person of Felix, about sex and the family, canalizes a large part of his pages in a direction away from Philadelphia and waters down his presentation of the Philadelphian (and the American) problem. We miss the sociological tensions, the racial antagonisms, the frank breakdown of municipal government which alarm deeply all those who know anything about the Quaker City. Mr. Burt, to be sure, hints at these things, but he never dramatizes them; and in the end he proves to be as essentially Philadelphian as his characters, since the impression he leaves is of the eternity of Anglo-Saxondom in Philadelphia.

It may be answered that to require Mr. Burt to deal with racial and sociological antagonisms would be to require him to write a different sort of novel, and to some extent the answer is just. But Mr. Burt himself raises the issue, not the reviewer. His pages are overshadowed by the threat of fascism, from the Italian cruise boat which gets the main characters before us, to the patriotic geography at the close. How shall America survive? is his question. Well, it will not survive by the easy device of having Felix MacAlister run away from Philadelphia. It will not survive by genially satirizing "nice" people. This Mr. Burt knows. But the line of his thesis takes him in one direction, the line of his story in another direction, and the result is a readable but radically defective book.

Your Literary I. Q.

MUTUAL CHARACTERISTICS

By Howard Collins

Listed below are pairs of literary figures, both real and imaginary, who have something in common. Can you remember what it is? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. Pinocchio
   Cyrano
2. Rigoletto
   Yorick
3. Father Brown
   Sarah Gamp
4. Silas Wegg
   John Silver
5. John Bunyan
   O. Henry
6. Jacob Marley
   Marion Kerby
7. William Tell
   Robin Hood
8. Doll Tearsheet
   Anna Christie
9. Drury Lane
   Duke of Bilgewater
10. Richard Halliburton
    Ambrose Bierce
11. Edmond Dantes
    Samuel Pickwick
12. Hajji Baba
    Figaro
13. Phileas Fogg
    John Gilpin
14. Richard Cory
    Viscount Signolles
15. Marjorie Daw
    Mrs. Harris
16. Ellery Queen
    Barnaby Ross
17. Joe Bonaparte
    Midge Kelley
18. Haidee
    Calypso
19. Ralph Hartsook
    Thorneycroft Huxtable
20. Captain Hook
    Captain Cuttle

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The Inferno Years

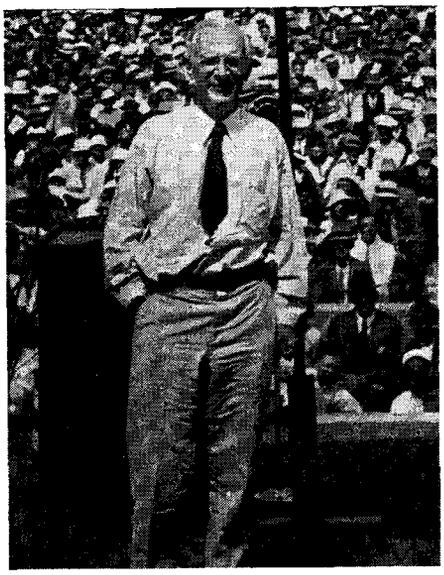
DRAGON'S TEETH. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 631 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

AS in the first two novels of his enormous cycle, "Between Two Worlds" and "Worlds End," Upton Sinclair, the indefatigable social crusader, the chronicler of 46 years of American economics, the zealous fighter for the betterment of the state of things, has turned historian. What he offers in more than 600 pages is an abbreviated world history from the Wall Street Crash of 1929 to the Nazi "Blood Purge" in 1934, with the accent on Germany. His novel, stripped of the fictional sections, could very well serve as a textbook for the study of contemporary history. As he unfolds slowly the events of these fateful years, he makes us forget how profoundly correct he is. For his extensive research—and he must have done quite a bit of it—is transformed into smooth narrative and there is no feeling that the author had constantly to fight against the temptation to add explanatory footnotes to every page.

Only a specialist could state whether Upton Sinclair has forgotten essential details: it seems to me he has not only not forgotten them, he has put in too many. His scrupulous study of Nazi Germany has led him perhaps into bypaths he needn't have entered, and made him touch on many themes he could not exhaust. But the picture of Nazi Germany is accurate. The chronicle of Europe downstream is complete. The atmosphere of impending doom is caught in a thousand facets, and with a masterly technique Sinclair makes the reader aware of the speed with which a continent is gliding towards the abyss. This technique is not new: his hero, Lanny Budd, neutral observer, rich and sensitive, travels over Europe and with him we realize slowly what is going to happen. When finally he finds himself alone in enemy territory, he fights back with all his strength, and when he is caught in the dragon's claws, we feel caught with him. From the comfortable seat of a spectator he is dragged onto the stage and must play his part in the nightmarish melodrama that Nazi Germany has made come true. The melodrama's managers and producers are portrayed with sober precision: Goering, Hitler and Goebbels emerge as if out of Shirer's diary. So vividly related are the details that one could imagine Upton Sinclair has had undisclosed interviews with the Super-Triumvirate.

At the beginning the novel is slow. The activities of Lanny and his millionaire wife, Irma, occupy a great deal of space. Irma is a perfect foil for Lanny; there is not one stupid thing about nations, races, economics, or politics she forgets to say. Sinclair makes her a living example of the upper-class-women who refuse to believe what is happening in these years, who refuse to abandon their comfortable routine of bridges and dinner-parties. To do Sinclair justice it must be said that he does not make Irma entirely unsympathetic. He is too good a writer to proceed in this way. But there are long discussions between her and Lanny in which she invariably maintains opinions which the reader knows are wrong—in 1942. There are other discussions and dialogues which slow the pace of the narrative. The seances of the Polish medium, where a variety of spirits appear, as well as the controversies about these phenomena, occupy far too many pages. Interspersed with scenes of the utmost realism, in the midst of this almost scientific resume of current history, the descriptions of the spiritualistic world seem to be far out of place. Although the author of "Oil" and "100%" has become, we know, deeply engrossed in the supernatural, it is more than surprising that he takes it at face value and even employs it to further his plot. It is difficult to combine Zola and Conan Doyle.



This photograph of Upton Sinclair was taken during his campaign for the Governorship of California.

But the slow start, the lengthy passages in the initial chapters, the overrich canvas of characters that make rather laborious going at first, do not condemn the book; in fact, they seem to make the final climax all the more exciting. In the cool, detached style of the historian the machinery of the totalitarian state appears the more terrifying. Because Sinclair is seldom given to emotional writing, he becomes the more effective when he suffers for the tortured and broken, and cries out in an agony of pity for the lost souls of Hitler's Inferno.

Retour à la Nature

CORN IN EGYPT. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 290 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE Rousseauvian notion of the natural man and the noble savage in its phase of "Go back to the farm and forget politics" seems to have been late in reaching England, for books on this topic have been appearing in the United States from about 1930 to last fall. In fact, they have been so common that we have even had several on "Go back to the farm—and duck!", which is good advice, for the most part, to the accustomed city dweller, no matter what his derivations, as Arthur Pound suggests in one of his novels.

About the first half of Mr. Deeping's novel is given to a Robinson Crusoe tale about a young Englishman who leaves the superficialities of trade and the clangor of London to rebuild a little deserted farm. His struggles and achievements are reasonably interesting but quite old hat for readers on this side of the Atlantic. Toward the middle of the book the natural man meets the not quite natural woman and breaks down her disinterest in the too, too natural male by accidentally sawing off four fingers in a buzz-saw—a silly performance for a natural man.

Here the war rears its head and the natural man, with cribs full of grain and potatoes, pens full of pigs and chickens, and a natural woman with a cellarful of beer and preserves, has his triumph over the city smarties. Even the disabling of his Eve by a bomb cannot seriously disturb a love sustained and nourished by the mutual passion for The Farm.

Critics are miles apart on the quality of Mr. Deeping's familiar style. At times it manages the warmth and disarming candor for which it strives. This writer must admit that at other times he is one of Mr. Deeping's "hard" and "superficially sophisticated" commentators—just a town boy—and finds the going a little bit sloppy.

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Barbarism Comes to the Balkans

FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE. By Robert St. John. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 352 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STOYAN PRIBICHEVICH

THIS book by an AP correspondent in the Balkans is perhaps the grisliest that has come out of this war—353 terse pages about death, destruction, and untold suffering in Yugoslavia and Greece during the German invasion last spring. It is not at all a "story of the Balkan campaign," as the title page indicates, but the diary of a fugitive's perilous flight from Belgrade to Cairo, and of all the unimaginable frightfulness that he saw on the way.

Noise is to St. John the most unforgettable horror of war, worse than any gruesome sight of blood or pain: the song a plane sings diving from the clouds; the crash of bombs and the toll of church bells in Belgrade; the weeping of a Serbian woman in Uzice, with four little children trailing behind, begging to be taken along in the car; the screams of a wounded Greek soldier; machine-gun clatter from the Stukas and the barely audible whimpering of a child in Argos; the hiss of the word "Nazi" between the clenched teeth of the sufferers. "You think you know about noises? Wait until you hear the noises of war."

In Belgrade—with Ray Brock of the *N. Y. Times,* constantly smiling and singing Chetnik songs, "more Serbian than the Serbs"—St. John watched the "diaper" inception of the March revolution, which began with school children demonstrating against Hitler and ended with the overthrow of Prince Paul's appeasement government. He survived the Palm Sunday air-raid on Belgrade, when 20,000 out of 300,000 people were killed. "London thought it knew something about air-raids."

Robert St. John doesn't like the noise of war.

From there his Odyssey carried him over the hills of Serbia, crowded with soldiers, refugees, and oxen; and along the winding, ice-covered roads of Bosnia to Sarajevo, which through the drifting snow looked like "a fairyland in a cup of mountains." Then bombings again, and flight through bleak Montenegro, where the natives refused payment from the *Amerikanski* for food, drink, or lodging. Dalmatian fishermen hid St. John and his companions from the Italians, and supplied them with a 20-foot sardine motor-boat and a guide to get them to Corfu. (St. John was annoyed that these fishermen had no compasses or sea-charts. The guide was killed by a German bomb in Greece.) Through Greece by tortuous, hazardous, bloody paths he got somehow to Crete. The incessant, ferocious bombing of helpless populations was climaxed by the shocking realization that, instead of the supposed 300,000 British troops in Greece, there were only 40,000 Anzacs and Canadians of whom one-half had perished—game fighters but pitifully inadequate. With this final knowledge St. John reached Cairo.

The whole tale is interspersed with incidents and anecdotes, grim, sad, warm, humorous. St. John reaches no particular conclusion except that "these poor Europeans, and especially people like the Serbs, are so used to war and destruction that . . . they just take it." "We," says St. John about his fellows and himself, "were just leeches. Reporters trying to suck headlines out of all this death and suffering."

St. John, however, was the least optimistic of the American correspondents in the Balkans and the most hypnotized by the ordained invincibility of the Germans. He called Yugoslavia a "bastard child of Versailles," and doubted its resurrection ever again. He scoffed at Cy Sulzberger and Ray Brock for their belief in the unconquerable resistance of the Serbs and the Greeks.

Well, most of the towns and villages in Yugoslavia through which St. John fled are now back in the hands of Yugoslav soldiers.

Stoyan Pribichevich, a member of the staff of Fortune, *is the author of "World without End: The Saga of Southeastern Europe."*

Invisible Dynamite

RADIO GOES TO WAR. By Charles J. Rolo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 293 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by A. A. SCHECHTER

THERE are some fifty-five million radio sets in the United States—that is, more radios than in the rest of the world. In our nation, radio is a private enterprise on a competitive basis. In Europe, radio is government-controlled and in some countries, it is not only government-controlled but party-controlled. It is therefore reasonable to assume that Americans know less about propaganda on the radio than any other nation. There is no doubt that the average intelligent youngster in a European country today could talk about the "war of words" and the "battle of the air" between nations with the same understanding that someone in our nation would talk about a broadcast by Kaltenborn or Elmer Davis.

Charles J. Rolo has done an excellent job of reporting and summarizing the story of the international radio situation in the war of words. He has drawn heavily and with due credit on other publications, speeches, and articles on the same subject. All in all, however, it is the first and most complete volume on the whole aspect of propaganda in the air. It should be a historical volume in times to come: one for future students of the Second World War. It is a well-written book and proves with examples and types of propaganda broadcasts, just what each nation is trying to achieve. The book deals with the British Broadcasting Corporation's war effort in greater detail than with any other nation, although the author readily admits that the Germans and the Russians are past-masters in the art of molding opinion and driving home their points via transmitters.

Many of the trans-Atlantic barrages so familiar to American listeners are unveiled in this book. For instance, Rolo tells the story of the Free French Movement and how General De Gaulle became the first radio general by summoning his compatriots to the cause via a series of short-wave broadcasts from London. He tells of the British radio trick of giving out the names of fifteen Nazi prisoners a day over the air and thus teasing the Germans into listening to short-wave in the hope that they will get news of their kin or loved ones.

Mr. Rolo, who no doubt got his idea for this book from his experiences at the Princeton University Listening Post, delves heavily into the story of

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the fabulous Lord Haw-Haw and the other Britishers and Americans who forsook their native land to become what he calls "Berlin Benedict Arnolds," selling their vocal talents for money. His story on Lord Haw-Haw and Fred Kaltenbach, who was born and bred in Waterloo, Iowa, and who served in the American Army in the last war, makes vivid reading. In fact, wherever he touches on personalities in the International Radio field, Rolo hits the high spots of his book.

One of the amusing tactics in the propaganda field is the story of the Russian radio which in German kept telling the German people about the clandestine affairs of Joseph Goebbels. In fact, the Russians even gave the address of whichever young lady the Nazi Propaganda Minister was visiting at that very moment. Moreover, correspondents who have returned related the fact that huge crowds used to stand outside of these various addresses, thus proving that the Russian radio had listeners!

The book would have been enriched by more anecdotes, which might have depicted the ingenuity used by people in the conquered lands. One such story related by the London radio tells of a Nazi plane that crashed in Occupied France and upon which the Germans immediately ordered a painter to paint out the Nazi emblem on the plane and replace it with a RAF emblem. The painter did this but also put up a sign reading "WET PAINT"!

Mr. Rolo's opinion is that democratic propaganda is not as aggressive as the propaganda used by the dictators, and he hopes that democratic truths will be advanced with all the fervor and all of the enthusiasm that is used by the Axis powers.

Mr. Rolo's book is really Volume One, for as this war goes on, there no doubt will be a serial called "Radio in the War!"

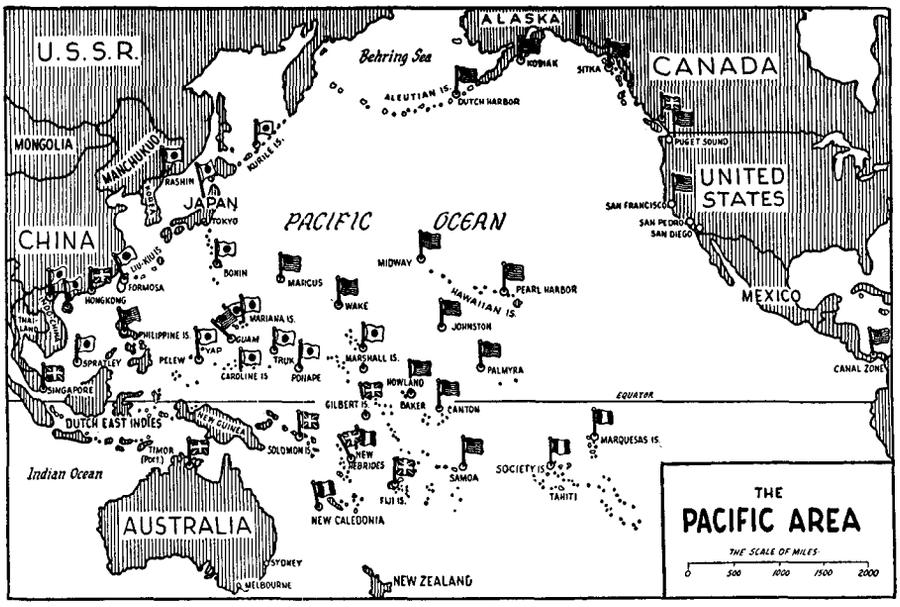
A. A. Schechter, Director of the NBC News Room, is author of "I Live on Air."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 408)

SCOTT:

THE BARD'S INCANTATION

Minstrels and bards of other days!
. . . . . .
O yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enrolled,
By every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold:—
. . . . . .
By all their swords . . . . . their scars
. . . . . their names, a mighty spell!



—Map by George D. Brodsky, from the book.

Events Stereoscope

DESIGN FOR POWER. Maps by George D. Brodsky. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 309 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CARL S. JOSLYN

SOMETIME between its conception and the final stages of its execution this book got out of control, so to speak, and became something quite different from what its authors intended it to be. That is the only conclusion one can draw from a comparison of what appears on the title page with what appears in the pages following. From the order in which the collaborators' names are listed, and from the curious—also inappropriate—term used to describe Professor Schuman's part in the collaboration, one infers that the book was intended primarily as a work in cartography rather than in social science. If that is correct, the work must be judged a failure, in the sense that the authors have failed to accomplish what they set out to do. This is not to imply there is anything wrong with the two score maps drawn by Mr. Brodsky; on the contrary, they compare favorably with the best contemporary work of professional cartographers. But what has emerged from the collaboration is a work in social science rather than in cartography—just the opposite of what the authors intended—and it will be regarded as such by the vast majority of the people who buy it.

Suppose, now, we change our point of reference and judge this book as the work in social science it actually is. Again one cannot escape the impression of confused purposes. It is clear, on the one hand, that Professor Schuman set out to write a narrative text suitable to accompany, and to give background for, the maps drawn by his collaborator. This job he has done superbly. He tells the story of international power politics in a simple and forceful prose which, though somewhat uneven in quality, never fails to hold the reader's attention. But the role of supplying "sound effects" for a series of cartographic pictures was not, apparently, one with which Professor Schuman could rest content. He had something to tell the world which he felt—and quite rightly felt—the world needed to know. And so, after the last map is disposed of, he attempts to diagnose the maladies of an international order ridden by power politics. At this point (nineteen pages from the end) the book takes on two new, and quite ambitious, purposes: the setting forth of a diagnosis and the justification of that diagnosis to the reader.

How well does Professor Schuman succeed in accomplishing these two "afterthought" purposes? About as well as could be expected, considering the space at his disposal. His diagnosis seems plausible but has not advanced, by the time the last page of the volume is reached, beyond the stage of an untested hypothesis. The tragic part of it all is that many of the facts, with reference to which his diagnosis could have been tested, are set forth in the preceding chapters. But their true significance is lost in the absence of a conceptual framework which the diagnosis, together with the "expectations" derived from it, would have provided. Moral: writing "sound effects" for a series of cartographic pictures and tackling the biggest problem facing the social scientists of this generation are two jobs that just don't mix.

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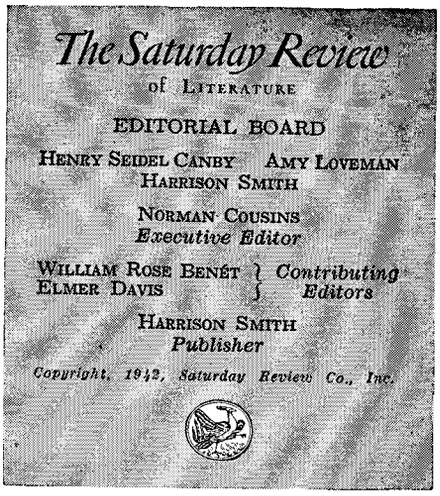

DO REVIEWERS READ?

THE above query might be expanded to: "Do Publishers—Either?" So many instances glimmer in the back of one's mind of high-sounding "blurbs" about books, as contrasted with what the books were actually found to contain! Among both publishers and reviewers there is far more carelessness than the respectful public would credit. We know, indeed, of an instance where for three years a publisher ran on the back-flap of the jacket of a certain author's books an unchanged reference to the original one as "her new book," oblivious of the fact that two later books also wore the jacket! (It was the author who finally caught the mistake.) We have all encountered almost illiterate descriptions of books upon their jackets, written by some office understrapper but occurring even in the case of the most reputable publishing houses. In fact, many publishers frankly ask their authors to describe their own books for them, the business men apparently being incapable of telling the public why they found the volumes worth publishing. Yes, this is a critical editorial!

When we come to the case of reviewers, however, we are not dealing with business men. Recently a publisher remarked to us that publishers are veritably ground between the two millstones of authors and reviewers. It sounded quite pitiful. Authors, of course, are never satisfied, and neither are reviewers, though for quite different reasons. But we do not contend that reviewers should be satisfied with the publishers'—and authors'—offerings. What we are interested in is that the reviewers should be accurate, that they should not find in the review of a book an opportunity merely to air their own prejudices—that, indeed, they should at least have read the book in a proper manner.

It is true that some books can be assayed on the old "thirty" principle—read thirty pages at the beginning, at the end, and in the middle. Any book of any merit, however, will turn and bite the reviewer who does that. And entirely too many of them seem to do it.

There is also the reviewer with the preconception. Before he or she "cracks" the books, he or she has formed an idea of the kind of book it is, believes he or she knows exactly the manner in which a given author would write, has a theory to expound, and can hardly pay attention to what the book actually says because of the bright things that crowd forward to be said in general! Such preconceptions are the curse of true criticism. To such reviewing-minds, all writers are labelled and pigeonholed in advance. Either the writers are of the reviewer's particular camp of the right or the left; considered "advanced," "conventional," or "passé"; of the particular shade of opinion the reviewer indulges and prefers; or they are newcomers, to be patronized on the one hand or flattered upon the other, according as they "line up" with the true faith. Perhaps this sounds crass; but we have seen such prejudices operate again and again. Once, in the past, in the case of a book of our own, an eminent professor, poet, and critic (bored by having to review a book of ours) made it the occasion for an essay he had long wanted to write, which had nothing to do with the volume he was apparently reviewing. And *he* moved in the highest circles of the intelligenzia.

A RECENT instance comes to mind, where a reviewer lashed out at an author for introducing a certain character into a historical novel. The reviewer sneered that this was "a German dictator type," only, that instead of being a house painter he had been made an art salesman. The only trouble was that the character mentioned happened to be an actual person of the period who actually *had* been an art salesman. He came naturally into the story.

In still another book, with which we are familiar, an author introduced a woman character modelled upon an actual person, but her life so reconstructed as merely to approximate the actual life. A special prefatory note explained this. Yet, in referring to this character, the reviewer remarked upon a circumstance that had pertained to the real person and not to the character in the book at all! The first of these cases seems to have been motivated by a desire to "get something on" the author; the second merely by dear old "preconception."

Just recently, in a favorable review in a prominent news magazine of a novel of the seventeenth century, the following sentences were juxtaposed:

> Shrewd Cateau became one of the richest women in France; feckless Magdelon sank deeper and deeper into debt.
>
> In a play for power over the heirs-apparent to the Throne, she got into very hot water; one of her lovers, the Abbé Fouquet, etc.

THE casual reader would certainly retain the impression that the "she" referred to was Magdelon, whereas actually all this happened to Cateau. Mere carelessness, you will say? Perhaps, but no less inaccurate.

The author, meeting with instances of this kind in regard to his own creations, is placed in a peculiar position. When he is so unfortunate as to be the victim of a prejudiced, malicious, or merely ignorant and inaccurate review, he has two courses open to him: either to write a letter to the periodical in which the review has appeared (in which case he is probably regarded by the generality as a professional sorehead) or to let the matter pass entirely, in which case the public is in possession of an entirely wrong picture of his book. It may be said for authors, that most of them are honorable enough not to wish to influence reviewers. But the reviewers enjoy such *carte blanche* in this country that they certainly need a prod or two.

Another sin of reviewers, usually arising from mere incapacity in their chosen calling, is inability to give a *total* impression of a book. What they are all too likely to do is to tell so much of the book's story as to make reading itself seem quite unprofitable. The gist of the narrative is presented in capsule form, usually bluntly and badly. By this method, almost any creative work can be reduced to comparative inanity. Nor does it give any true idea of the book as a whole.

Reviewing a book should, at least, mean a thorough reading and pondering of its contents. Most good reviewers are overworked and asked to handle more books in a month than any human being can properly read. That may constitute one trouble. Another is certainly lack of conscience and an airy carelessness of responsibility.

W. R. B.

Erratum

The reviewer of "Introducing Australia," by C. Hartley Grattan (*SRL*—January 3, 1942) was not A. Randle Elliott, of The Foreign Policy Association, but Louis E. Frechtling of the same organization. We apologize for the error.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Same Mr. Walpole

SIR:—Ever since I read the January 10th issue of your journal, I have been troubled by a problem of identity. Is it at all possible that the Hugh Walpole who reviewed my "Language Habits in Human Affairs" is the very "same" man as the Hugh R. Walpole who not so long ago wrote the book subtitled "The Nature of Words and Their Meanings?"

It is really quite important that I know, for if they are really one and the same I stand to buy dinners for two good friends who have so wagered. I insist that these are the names of two different persons. Here follows my evidence:

1. The man-with-the-middle-initial wrote a book which I thought rather delightful in places, particularly pages 28-32, 137-138, 156, 182-183, because there he argues persuasively that proper word use makes for accuracy, better understanding, more effective talking and writing, tolerance, and pleasantness. And on page 167 he goes so far as to say "Defects in our language machine should be regarded as direct threats to our sanity." (Your reviewer cavils at the boldness of those who would claim similar achievements and benefits from the study of general semantics.)

2. The m-w-t-m-i seems quite partial to quotation marks, *e.g.,* they appear on 13 of his first 15 pages. (Your reviewer calls them "stylistic peculiarities.")

3. There is an acute observation on page 80 of his book, "When our thinking goes wrong, it is nearly always because we have forgotten the simple truth that there is a difference between the name and the thing for which the name stands . . . The map is not the country." (Your reviewer finds the map analogy "too weak to be relied upon.")

4. The m-w-t-m-i goes all out for the virtues of intensive reading, accurate translations, and delayed responses in the making of critical decisions. (Your reviewer, making as if to outline my book, quite disarmingly misses the ninth chapter which might conceivably have added to his understanding. He also translates the heart of the eighth chapter, "To get to silent levels, we must keep still" with "If we want to act like silent things, we must keep silent." Observe that "get *to*" *means "reach" in my sentence.*"

You can, Sir, be of considerable help by establishing the identity of your reviewer. I should think it a pity if others confused him with the man-with-the-middle-initial. The latter on the trail of important doctrine may be performing a service which your two name man is in danger of undoing.

By the way, the m-w-t-m-i says on his page 43, "Among civilized human beings, quarrels and arguments become quite unnecessary. Arguments represent clashes of interests and should be discussed as such." But your reviewer seems somehow to be beset with a strange anxiety because in the last paragraph of his review he suddenly begins writing about "Language in Action" (not my book), which Fred C. Kelly had already written about most handsomely in the *SRL,* November 22nd.

May I be pardoned the hope that you will print this—maybe your good offices can bring the two Walpoles together.

IRVING J. LEE.

1726 Hinman Avenue,
Evanston, Illinois.

"Now, once more; 'It is I,—It is he,—It is she.—' "

"Letter to A Novelist, 1960"

SIR:—Congratulations on Norman Cousins's leading article, "Letters to a Novelist, 1960," and on his forthcoming new book, "The Good Inheritance." But why, since his hopes for a new world parallel those of Clarence Streit so closely, does he so carefully avoid the mention of the phrase by which such plans are best and most properly known—Federal Union?

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.

Northwestern University,
Evanston, Ill.

SIR:—There was nothing deliberate about my failure to mention Federal Union. My purpose was to discuss the general idea and the need for it—and not specific movements. I trust, however, that no one drew from my article the inference that I am necessarily opposed to Mr. Streit.

NORMAN COUSINS.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Shaw and Biographers

SIR:—Your readers may be interested in the following characteristic note just received from Bernard Shaw who writes from his apartment in London under date of November 28th, 1941. I had informed him that a friend in Hawaii was contemplating writing his life.

"I have no official biographers. I have dozens of unofficial ones; and they are the plagues of my life. A new biography by Hesketh Pearson, much more intimate than any that has yet appeared, is in the press. If your man were not out of your reach in Hawaii I should ask you to oblige me by shooting him.—Faithfully—Bernard Shaw."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Mark Twain Society
Webster Groves, Missouri.

Step Right Up!

SIR:—Because of some slight confusion in Santa Claus's headquarters, I find myself in possession of two subscriptions to *"The Saturday Review."* Since I feel that nothing would benefit the morale of our armed forces more than having fifty-two copies of *SRL* for their very own, I should like to have one of my subscriptions entered in the name of:—

The U. S. O. Club
99 Main Street,
Hempstead, Long Island.

I hope this change in destination will not disrupt unduly the even tenor of *SRL's* way.

M. W. E.

[*Editor's Note: The business office has set up a Send-the-SRL-to-a-Soldier Department.*]

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The Nathan Phenomenon

RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

MR. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN has long been a phenomenon; it now becomes apparent that he is an expanding one,* spreading as the theater contracts, taking in more territory and lapping new continents. Since Mr. Nathan is a little inclined to lap with his teeth, the new continents had better watch out. Today, the circus feels the snap of Mr. Nathan's criticism and Mr. Nathan himself reports that Gargantua retreated screaming to the darker corners of his pen. Pitchmen are shaken as he bares their secrets, revealing that bracelets they sell for fifty cents cost them one-eighty a dozen.

The radio is now also within the purview of the wittiest, deaniest of American drama critics. Mr. Nathan has been listening to it and it must wish he hadn't. He has words to make m.c.'s of floor-shows curl at the edges; what he thinks of Coney Island would make a book, and does make a chapter. His gentler side is uppermost as he writes, learnedly, of strip-teasers, all of whom he has seen and most of whose salaries he can report. He gives away the secrets of the magicians and will advise you how to tell a mosquito from a first act, come summer theater time. This man Nathan, I suspect not for the first time, knows everything. There is no use arguing with him.

It is true, of course, that people do argue with him. On the sidewalks in front of theaters you can see them at intermission times—often just before Mr. Nathan, wrapping around him the fur coat he has, they say, taught to growl, goes briskly elsewhere. You can tell those who are arguing with Mr. Nathan because they have their mouths open, look a little dazed, and are obviously out on their feet. Mr. Nathan has, you may be sure, cited the works of three French playwrights, two Germans, and one Bulgarian to prove that, as they uneasily suspected from the first, they do not know what they are talking about. And you may be sure, also, that Mr. Nathan has been gentle with them.

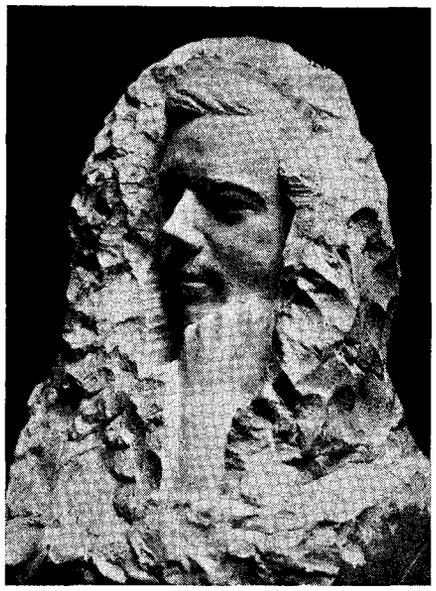
So I hope he will be gentle with me, once again, if I pick an argument, using this bright and witty, and altogether delightful book, as a springboard. Because three-fourths of the book is about the theater, to which Mr. Nathan has given so many years of open adoration, to which he has contributed so much, and of which I also am fond. And Mr. Nathan does not approve of the way it is presently going.

There is, many may argue, nothing new in this disapproval. In the minds of many, including the minds of all who have read him hastily or care very little for the theater or have put money into it, he has always been the Great Disapprover. His way with bad plays is famous. No one in the annals of the craft has cut deeper with a phrase, or been less patient with bad work. And he has influenced a generation of critics who, although they may seldom have turned as deadly a phrase as he turns daily, are also everlastingly impatient with bad work.

Mr. Nathan has been, as someone discovers anew every six months, always sentimental about the theater, but his has always been the sentimentality of an idealist. Idealists are often confused with cynics, and it is human to suspect writers who can be as wittily destructive as can Mr. Nathan. Since he sets very high standards for the theater—I sometimes suspect he is content only with O'Neill, and not always with him—Mr. Nathan finds much in it that merits destruction, and when he finds such stuff he lays on heartily. But usually he assails only those elements in the theater which deserve attack.

Now, I think, he is doing something rather different. He is attacking intentions, rather than results. He is even, here and there, blaming results which he deplores, on an intention of which he disapproves. On the first page of "The Entertainment of a Nation" he raises what can only be called an Issue. He raises it in discussing the most recent play of Mr. S. N. Behrman, which Mr. Behrman called "The Talley Method" and which even Mr. Behrman's staunchest admirers did not like very well. And the reason, Mr. Nathan thinks, that we did not like it very well was because Mr. Behrman deserted the aloof throne of high comedy and determined to "Say Something." "The net result," Mr. Nathan remarks, "is of a Stokowski glancing over his shoulder now and then to make certain that Dorothy Thompson is still in her seat."

Not only Mr. Behrman, but other playwrights, are hampered nowadays by this desire to Say Something. And Mr. Nathan does not approve—in witty paragraph after witty paragraph he does not approve. He—but Mr. Nathan, of all people, can speak for himself:



George Jean Nathan as a bookend. This design for a desk decoration was made by J. F. Lins, famous Austrian-American sculptor.

> The majority of my colleagues, I find, entertain a critical point of view opposite to mine and argue that dramatic journalism of the species mentioned is not only desirable in this period of world crisis but even superior to a more aloof esthetic. . . . Fine drama is timeless and merely journalistic drama, however good and however interesting, as evanescent as news itself. . . . There is little general patience these days with any novelist, essayist, poet or playwright who does not allow his work in one way or another to reflect his concern with what is immediately around him. And as we unfortunately have few spirits independent enough to resist the market clamor, the result is often something pretty painful. A dubious journalism has usurped the chair of Melpomene. . . . It is their (other critics') stout conviction, regularly expressed, that if drama does not center itself upon the events of its immediate time it is not worth its salt and should be relegated to the library, where, presumably, it may languish forgotten along with all the great classic and modern literature there that similarly did not center itself upon the events of its immediate day.

This last sentence amounts, I am afraid, to argument by misquotation. I know of no reviewer who has been quite so exigent in his demands upon modern drama; none who has not, along with Mr. Nathan, found and enjoyed the opportunity to praise dramas which were not "journalism" except in the remote sense that any comment on the contemporary may be called journalism. But that there is a difference of opinion on this matter is evidently true.

It is evident, to take an easy example, that Behrman's comedies have lost some of their comic detachment since Mr. Behrman began to try to Say Something. Mr. Behrman himself

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF A NATION. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 290 pp. $2.50.

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took up the problem in "No Time for Comedy" and forthrightly admitted that it was a problem. He also made it clear, it seemed to me, that he had not elected to have the problem arise; that a problem, which was solid as a stone and very nearly as big as a mountain, had been set down in his path, and in the paths of other writers for the theater—and in the paths of other writers for, I should suppose, any thing else. And this problem arose not only because, as a sensitive and thinking member of society, Mr. Behrman himself could not get out of his mind certain tremendous things which affected society. It arose also because it would be impossible for Mr. Behrman or anyone else, to write about contemporary men, and particularly of men whose intelligence made them appropriate characters in high comedy, and not mention what it was those men were thinking about.

The fact is, however Mr. Nathan may feel, that at this particular time certain things—certain ideas and events—which are in the newspapers are also in men's minds. Such things are in Mr. Nathan's own mind, as they are in Mr. Behrman's mind, and my mind, and the mind of John Doe. And comedy such as Mr. Behrman writes is written about what is in men's minds.

Mr. Nathan may feel that what is happening here and now is not one of those things which, as he elsewhere puts it, concern "humanity in time unending." I would not agree with him, but if I did agree with him I would not see that Mr. Behrman's problem was nearer solution. Because if you are writing comedy, or writing drama of any sort which is not concerned purely with human emotions, you must write of the form which the concerns of "humanity in time unending" take in time which is upon us—assuming always that you are writing about contemporary men. You may, as O'Neill presumably is doing, write about men who are not, in the most acute sense, contemporary; you may write about men who lived in the sixteenth century or may live in the twenty-second. But you can not write about men sitting in drawing rooms in 1942 and talking about things which concern men in 1942, without writing about things which are also in today's newspapers. Mr. Behrman desires to write plays about such men, as writers of high comedy habitually do. It is not, admittedly, a good time to write high comedy—easier times are always better for comedy. But these are the times we have and the theater cannot petulantly turn its back upon them.

An event is not necessarily trivial merely because it is today's event, and a play written about it need not be.

New Appraisals

JAMES JOYCE. By Harry Levin. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1941. 240 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. LEVIN's study of Joyce is the first in a projected series to be put out by New Directions; they are meant to serve as "critical Baedekers" to the great modern writers, from Melville and Ibsen to Eliot and Mann. A Baedeker is a guide book, and as guide Mr. Levin is the master of his chosen domain. He knows the schemes and topographies of "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake" thoroughly. Better yet, he understands the functional unity of all of Joyce's work, from "Dubliners" through "Finnegan," and is thus able not only to set each book before us as a comprehensible whole but also to leap nimbly from one to the other, making connections, pointing out interlocking references, acting indeed as interpreter—and who shall say that is not necessary? His debt to Edmund Wilson and Stuart Gilbert is of course obvious and acknowledged, but this need not obscure his own contribution to Joycean scholarship. If Mr. Wilson's analysis of "Ulysses" seems still the clearer and the more cogent, Mr. Levin's analysis of 'Finnegan's Wake" appears to be the best available. As Baedeker, this little book is all to the good.

But there are portions of it that assume other responsibilities. It aims also to measure Joyce's talents, his methods and intentions, his place in literature. These are matters which cannot be settled in a handy Baedeker; it may even be that it is too soon to settle them at all. Can we today, when we can scarcely be said to have yet determined the stature of, let us say, Henry James, write off a final accounting of Joyce, whose influence has only begun to be felt? Mr. Levin himself is not quite sure; he makes more than one statement that is contradicted by its opposite elsewhere in the text. For example, he remarks of Joyce that "since the essence of his method is not to select but to accumulate, his readers seldom have that feeling of inevitability . . . " only to add, but two pages later, "We are impressed by his philological accuracy and logical rigor."

James Joyce

More serious are certain dogmatic conclusions on Joyce and his work. When he says " 'Ulysses' is totally lacking in the epic virtues of love, friendship, and magnanimity" it is not easy to see what he is getting at. As we remember them, Horatio Alger's epics were rich in all three. When he suggests that the internal monologue must be "an inside job," that is, a study only of the author's mind, adding, "Neither Leopold nor Molly Bloom could ever be as real to Joyce, and therefore to us, as Stephen Dedalus," he is running contrary to the experience of most readers of "Ulysses." Dedalus more real than Bloom? It might easily be stated the other way, although neither is necessary. And, when he says the "Portrait" fits squarely into the naturalist tradition while "Finnegan" is to be classified as a symbolist experiment, he is talking as though literature were a study in the uses of forms, as though Joyce were first one kind of writer called "a naturalist" and then another kind called "symbolist." He is forgetting what he has himself pointed out so clearly, the unity of all of Joyce's work. Does Mr. Levin think that Joyce became interested in symbolism as such, and used the dream-world of H. C. Earwicker as material for writing a symbolist book? Such would seem to be the meaning of his remark, "Having abandoned his hope of direct communication, Joyce turned his efforts to symbolic expression." But it is possible to advance quite another theory: that Joyce abandoned nothing; that he wrote the "Portrait" one way and "Finnegan" another because the different materials of the books demanded different treatments; that the dominant interest of both is the study of the mind, in one case the conscious mind, in the other the subconscious.

There is no need to itemize further disagreements. Mr. Levin's study is everywhere provocative, and as such most welcome. His opinions are thoroughly informed, and his scholarship is lively. In a sense his is the first all-round appraisal; the others have been biographical, or else limited to one work or another. Let it open the floodgates. We shall need to write and read a great deal more about Joyce before we see him clearly.

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Many Happy Returns!

GROUCHO MARX

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*One year ago, Groucho Marx joined the SRL editors at lunch. After discussing neo-Platonism, abstract criticism, and kindred subjects, Mr. Marx made a confession. "What you people don't realize," he said, "is that for a dozen years I have been devoting every possible moment I could spare, or the daytime, to a book. I can't say what it will be or what kind of adjustment intellectual America will have to make when it is published. All I can say is that it will be a lulu."*

We don't know whether "Many Happy Returns," shortly to be published by Simon & Schuster as its contribution to national fiscal clarity, is the lulu Mr. Marx was talking about. It weighs 7 ounces and it runs—not walks—to some 8,000 words. But the postoffice claims it is a book, thereby making it eligible for a Preview. This is it:

MARCH used to mean the beginning of spring; now it's the end of your bankroll.

That is when you have to answer the government's quiz program—a costly little game played by mail. You answer thirty-two questions concerning your public life—such as how much money you earn and where the hell is it? The only difference between this and other quiz programs is that you don't get paid for giving the right answer.

But, somewhat like the program called True or False, you do take the consequences for giving the wrong replies.

Having answered all the questions on the quiz, you run madly through office buildings looking for a notary public. This is a gnome with a green eyeshade and a rubber-stamp who will testify to practically anything for two bits. Although he has never seen you before, he'll swear on anything from a stack of Bibles to flapjacks that you are the man you say you are, although secretly you know you're not half the man you used to be.

You're probably saying to yourself, "Why do I have to pay an income tax? What does the government do with my money?"

This is a pretty dull routine and I'd advise you to change it if you expect to get anywhere with yourself. What do you *think* the government does with your money? Spends it on a woman? Gets drunk? Or plays the ponies? That's what *you* might do with the money, or, if you have to get personal, what *I* do; but I can assure you that the government is not just out for a good time. It has a job to do in Europe and Asia.

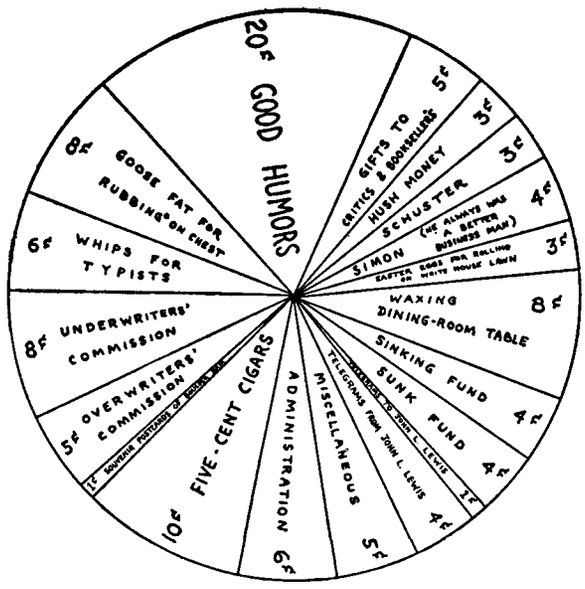
Why does the government need money? Well, a steam engine will run only if you throw coal into it. Wouldn't *you* run if someone was going to throw coal into you?

Here is a picture* of the governmental train shooting down the track.

It has a fully equipped dining car with a full crew on board. The President is the engineer. Members of Congress, the cabinet, the FBI, and a lot of other swell fellows are the crew. The revenue collector is the fireman who pours your coal into the engine; the Secretary of Agriculture is the dining-room steward; the Vice-President is the Vice-President, and Wendell Willkie is the fellow who missed the train, but is going right along with it anyhow.

You will notice the smile on Mr. Willkie's face. He is in a position to throw things at the engineer, but he doesn't because this is a democracy, which is you and I and the farmer in the Iowa cornfields, and the George Washington Bridge. Mr. Willkie merely comments constructively on the track. Is it muddy? Fast? Clear?

*Publisher's Note: What picture?
G.M.: The one I gave you.
P.N.: That one? You should be ashamed of yourself.*



How the Taxpayer's Dollar Is Distributed

That is why the government needs money. And I haven't begun to list the incidental expenses, such as two Thanksgiving days, which means a double order of turkey at forty-six cents a pound, not to mention the extra cranberries.

There are two methods a government can use to get money. One is by taxes, the other is printing. To print money requires very expensive paper (otherwise you can't use cheap post-office ink) and to buy expensive paper you have to have money. That, again, means taxes.

Besides, the printing of money means inflation, which I shall explain very briefly.

Suppose you take a gallon of whiskey and pour three gallons of water into it. Or perhaps it would be better to pour three gallons of whiskey into a quart of water. Any kind of water will do, but be sure to use 100-proof whisky.

Perhaps this is an even clearer explanation. Take a small glass, pour in a hooker of rye whisky, drop in a piece of ice (unless you have your skates on), a lump of sugar, a dash of bitters, a cherry, and a slice of pineapple. This isn't much of a drink, and you would have to drink an awful lot of them to get crocked, but it makes a wonderful fruit salad. And even this is better than inflation.

Now, to go a step further, I want to explain what happens to your tax dollar. Your tax dollar goes right to Washington, where, contrary to popular impression it is not thrown across the Potomac River and caught by a dollar-a-year man who bites it to see if it is counterfeit. Nobody bites your dollar. The bite is put on you.

I have prepared a chart showing what happens to this dollar of yours. Technically it is known as a pie chart, the dollar pie chart. The fifty-cent pie is apple, peach, or coconut custard. Just as the dollar pie shows what happens to your money, the fifty-cent pie shows what happens to your stomach.

Obviously there are a few governmental expenses I had to omit—the cost of the war, for example—because the pie was so small. Even as it is, it comes to $1.08.*

You can see, though, that the government is not making a nickel on you. The government is not out to make money. If it were, would it be owing $60,000,000 to every Tom, Dick, and Harry?

I have no hesitation in saying that every government nickel is accounted for. Can you say as much for your own nickel?

*Publisher's Note: Who's counting?
Treasury Department Note: We are!*

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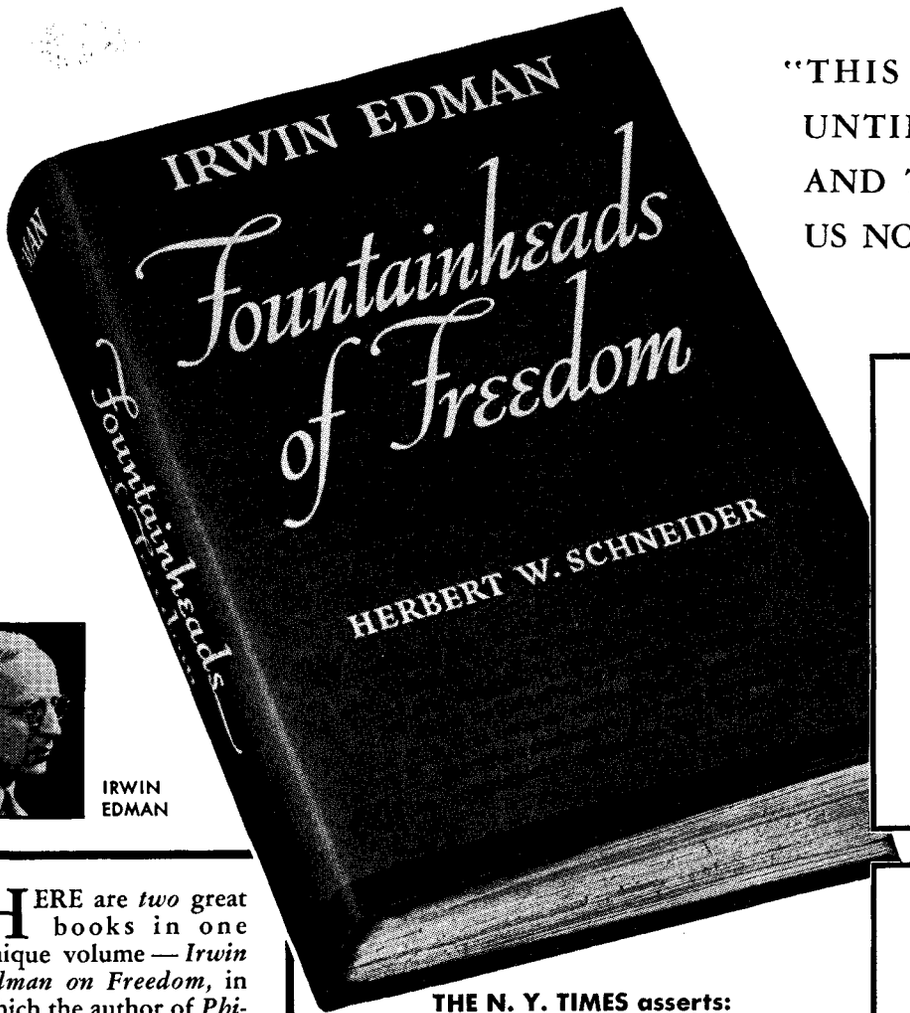

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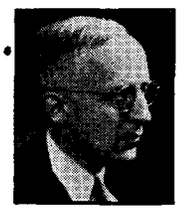
—*Dorothy Canfield Fisher*



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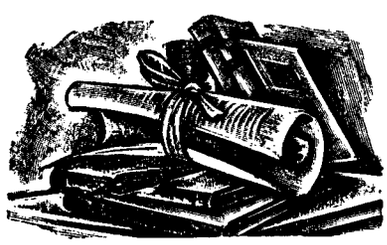
Poles of Stature

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF POLAND. Edited by Stephen P. Mizwa. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. *XXVIII plus* 397 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WITTLIN

THE world is interested in Poland mostly when misfortunes and sufferings are falling upon her. Thus misfortune performs a service—but only a passive one. Poland, however, deserves interest not only at such times as when she has lost her independent existence or when she is fighting to recover it. Take the thousand years of her history and culture and you have an ensemble of great efforts in every field of human creativeness. America knows scarcely any of the names of Poland's eminent sons. Two of these belong equally to Poland's history and to that of the United States: Kosciuszko and Pulaski. Besides Chopin, such artists as Paderewski, Sienkiewicz, and Modjeska have made the name of Poland famous in this country. Here are known also the English novelist Joseph Conrad and the French scientist Marie Curie, though probably not all Americans are aware that the one was born—Korzeniowski, the other—Sklodowska.

It is generally true that those nations to whom other nations deny the right of existence are the ones most likely to invoke their own excellences. Poland has too often been placed in this position. For almost a thousand years she resisted the rapacity of the Germans; in the end she had to yield. But the conflict had its ups and downs, and it happened sometimes that Grand Masters of the Teutonic Knights of the Cross, Hitler's ideological predecessors, gave public homage to Polish Kings on the Rynek of Kraków. The University of Kraków, from which in 1939 the ideological descendants of the Knights of the Cross sent all the professors to the concentration camp of Oranienburg, is among the oldest in Europe, having been founded in 1364. The astronomer who "stopped the sun" and convinced the earth that it revolved about that planet, was a Pole—Mikolaj Kopernik. The descendants of the Knights of the Cross assert that Kopernik was a German, though he was born in the city of Torun. Torun is in Pomorze, in what the Germans call the "Danzig Corridor," which they made the pretext for the declaration of the present world war. In my own native city of Lwów the scientist Rudolf Weigl, mentioned in this book as living, discovered during the first world war a vaccine against spotted typhus. Today there are dying in the Polish capital of Warsaw three hundred to four hundred person daily for lack of this vaccine, all because there exist in this world nations that cannot tolerate the existence of other nations.



I am not a nationalist and I believe that nations are humanity's misfortune, and will be for a long time, but it was not I who invented the Tower of Babel, and whenever, in a foreign country, I see some worthwhile book dedicated to what was great and beautiful in Poland, I rejoice, and recommend the book to others, especially if it is as rich and many-sided a work as "Great Men and Women of Poland." The book is edited by Stephen P. Mizwa, Director of the Kosciuszko Foundation and contains the lives of thirty rulers, statesmen, scientists, poets, and artists. It is the work of Poles and Englishmen and Americans, all experts in their particular field. Among the Polish authors we find the leading authorities in the world of learning, and among the Americans we find Charlotte Kellogg with a chapter on Queen Jadwiga, Professor G. R. Noyes with one on the great Renaissance poet Jan Kochanowski, Professor Frank Nowak with one on King John Sobieski, A. P. and M. M. Coleman on the Romantic poet Slowacki, Eric Kelly on Modjeska, Richard Aldrich on Paderewski, Mary Landon Sague on Marie Sklodowska Curie, and finally the editor himself, Mr. Mizwa, on Kosciuszko and Pilsudski. Of English authors, we have writing on Sienkiewicz the late Monica Gardner, who devoted all her life to the study of Polish literature and who lost her life by a German bomb in the great raid on London last spring.

In his preface the editor explains why the book deals with only thirty figures and why, also, with these particular thirty. The choice was not his but was made on the basis of a plebiscite taken among representatives of eighteen institutions of learning and culture in Poland. The volume was undertaken, fortunately, before the present catastrophe and is the result of an "embarrassment of riches," though if there had been room for thirty more, even then a good many important figures would have been left out.

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Spanish Music

THE MUSIC OF SPAIN. By Gilbert Chase. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1941. 375 pp. with index. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

THE prominent place of the arts and letters of Spain in our cultural heritage is everywhere recognized, the chief products of Spanish literature and the dramatic canvases of the great painters being much admired and well represented in publications and school curricula. Yet all of us are woefully ignorant of the role Spanish music played in this heritage; for to know the nice salon pieces of Albeniz and Granados, the familiar rhythms of certain Spanish dances, a composition or so by Falla, and the name of Victoria dutifully mentioned along with that of Palestrina, does not constitute an even superficial acquaintance with Spanish music, which looks back upon a past as significant as Spanish literature or art. Mr. Chase's most welcome volume will do much to enlighten us about the part Spain played in the formation of Christian liturgy, about the Hispanic phase of medieval music, about the songs of the Spanish "troubadours," the scintillating and utterly brilliant secular music of the Spanish Renaissance, of its poignant polyphonic church music, and of the peculiar nature of the Spanish lyric stage. Upon reading the first hundred pages of "The Music of Spain" we shall realize that this music was not only interesting, but that it was in the forefront of Western musical history, with a literature quite as valuable as the best in other lands.

The rest of the book, somewhat disproportionate, considering the subsequent decline of Spanish music, deals in well-organized chapters with the tide of foreign influence which, like that in England, engulfed national art, and with the gradual revival of the native qualities in more recent times. There are excellent chapters on folk music and on Hispanic music in the Americas, as well as a chapter on Portuguese music. Copious notes, bibliography, and a handy record list complete the book, a distinguished—and readable—contribution to American musicology.

Pan-American

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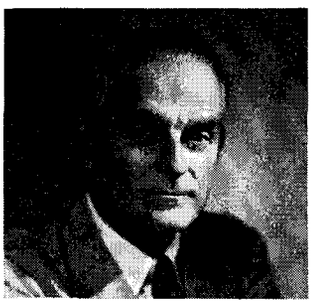
Along These Streets

by

STRUTHERS BURT

author of "The Delectable Mountains", "Festival", etc.



Felix Macalister, young—and somewhat unworldly—American scientist was studying the wild life of the Canal Zone when the news came that a fortune awaited him in Philadelphia—if he agreed to live in the old downtown Macalister mansion for nine months out of the year.

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THE NAZI CRUSADE AGAINST INTELLIGENCE

(*Continued from page* 4)

and children alike. These measures, however, were not primarily cultural in nature and purpose, as others have been and are.

Santa Claus, for example, was "coordinated," as early as 1936. He wore an S. A. uniform under his traditional costume when he appeared at the Berlin Christmas Fair that year, and he gave the Nazi salute.

Dentists, also, have been subjected to the discipline of the new Kultur. They, too, are its agents. For do they not have waiting rooms where patients read and reflect? Do not they themselves talk to their patients under circumstances in which the patients are, perhaps, especially susceptible to suggestion, or at least cannot talk back?

This, in any event, was the argument a leading Nazi dentist advanced at a professional convention. The dentist of the future, he said, must above all live in the spirit of the national socialist philosophy of life. The argument was persuasive, and it was provided that thenceforward students of dentistry must have four weeks' special training in such matters.

Fairy tales were among the first cultural treasure of the community of the people to be "coördinated." The national socialist *Teachers' Gazette* published Nazi versions of "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Little Snow White" early in the history of the regime. The Sleeping Beauty, it informed teachers, is to be regarded as Germany, bewitched by alien powers, and the Prince who wakens her with a kiss is obviously Adolf Hitler. Similarly, Snow White is also clearly an allegorical personification of Germany. For is she not described as "white as the snow, red as blood, and black as ebony"? And are these not indisputably the Reich's national colors? No attempt was made, apparently, to decide who the seven dwarfs were supposed to be.

One party office even wanted to coordinate the Grimm Brothers in person. Shortly after a publisher in Mainz had brought out a new edition of the Grimms' fairy tales, he received the following letter from the official Nazi association of authors:

> Your firm has published a work by the Brothers Grimm. These authors are not yet registered with our office, as required by law. We request you to furnish us with their addresses within one week and at the same time to inform us whether the Brothers Grimm are foreign citizens or German authors residing abroad.—Heil Hitler.

"It is the eternal power-currents of our blood which find formative expression in German Kultur," Fritz Moraller, a director of the Reich Chamber of Kultur, has said, and another only slightly lesser authority, Wilhelm Westecker, has expressed his essential agreement: in a book entitled, "Kultur in the Service of The Nation," Westecker has written, "A people creates art out of the dark urging of its blood."

If this is so—and the most exalted Nazi authorities agree that it is so—then obviously an authoritarian and totalitarian regime will enforce in every sphere of the national culture the dogma of what Rosenberg has called "The Mystery of Blood." And this the Nazis do.

The Nazi dogma of blood and race asserts that the Nordic race has created all culture worthy of the name since the swirling mists of pre-history were dispelled. The great philosophers of India were Nordics, according to this dogma. So were the great religious mystics of Persia, the architects, sculptors, and thinkers of Periclean Athens, the soldiers and statesmen of Rome and virtually all great creative human, spirits since.

As long as this Nordic race maintains the purity of its blood and culture, Nazi dogma says, the race establishes and maintains powerful, enlightened communities and creates great Kulturs. But when it allows alien and inferior races to mingle their blood and cultures with its own, it is undone both politically and culturally. Obviously, therefore, the Nordic strain in Germany must be safeguarded with the holiest zeal against the "corrupting" influence of Jews and other "enemies."

This is the dogma which has been set up as the first of all standards of judgment for Kultur in the New Germany. Is a work of art, a musical composition, a theory of physics, a novel, a play, "Nordic"? If it is not, it is not merely alien to Germany but also dangerous to the German soul.

"We do not know of or recognize truth for truth's sake or science for science's sake," Dr. Ernst Krieck proclaimed early in the history of the regime, and the Nazis appointed him rector of the University of Heidelberg. (They appointed a veterinary surgeon rector of the University of Berlin.)

To make the dogma of blood and race effective as a standard of Kultur it was, of course, essential to determine who the bearers of the best blood were. This did not present as many difficulties to the Nazis as it might to other men. Rosenberg solved the problem readily in his book, "Blood and Honor." The S. A., he wrote, are the chief custodians of the racial ichor. In the veins of the Storm Troopers, he said, courses the best German blood.

Logically enough, if this is the case, Viktor Lutze, chief of staff of the S. A., proclaimed that the Storm Troopers did indeed have a special responsibility in the cultural development of the New Germany:

"The S. A.," he announced, "has the task of being the champion of the new style [in art] which will transmit the spirit of our era to the future," and he established three prizes for the S. A. for poetry and literature, for music and for art.

The S. A. does not have a monopoly of the new Kultur, not as these lines are written, in any event. But "persons of German or similar blood" do. For to engage in any cultural occupation in Germany (including that of news dealer), it is necessary to belong to the Chamber of Kultur, and to belong to the Chamber of Kultur it is necessary to be Aryan.

It is "the proudest achievement" of the Nazi Kultur program, Dr. Goebbels once said, to have created a Chamber of Kultur which is "one of the very few organizations in Germany, outside the party itself, to which no Jew, no half-Jew, and no person with any Jewish blood at all belongs."

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however, even if less mysteriously, in other organs of the new Kultur as well, among them the Reich Institute for the Advancement of German Literature. Controlled by Rosenberg, this Institute is a colossal censorship bureau, with a staff of 900 censors, whose approval is necessary for the publication of all books in Germany.

These censors are drawn from every walk of life, Hans Hagermeyer, director of the Institute, has explained; they number "ministers of state as well as labor foremen." "We are trying the experiment," Hagermeyer said, "of working not only with literary critics but also with those who approach a book from the viewpoint of the common man."

"The results of the experiment," he added, "are not altogether clear."

But whatever the literary capacities of the Institute's censors may be, their racial qualities are above reproach:

"When one looks through the file of our censors and sees their photographs," Hagermeyer exclaimed, "one is enraptured by the wonderful racial selection they represent!"

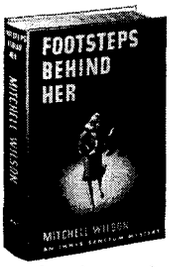
Nothing is too exalted and nothing too humble to be judged by the racial standard. At the one extreme, artists have been "advised" to represent Christ as a blonde, blue-eyed Nordic. And at the other extreme even ejaculations of pleasure and approbation should take the form, according to some enthusiasts, not of the Italianate "Bravo!" (this was before the Axis was forged and the fascists found that they, too, were Nordics) or of the Anglican "Hurrah!" but of the pure Nordic cry of the Walkyries: "Hojoto! Hejaha!"

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HER *Mitchell Wilson* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Midwestern girl, fleeing unsavory publicity, makes bus acquaintance that pitches her into murderous Manhattan mixup solved by young aircrafter.	Dexterously handled, engagingly written, and consistently chilling cat-and-mouse yarn, bulging with action and sinister characters.	Tip-top
MAIGRET SITS IT OUT *Georges Simenon* (Harcourt Brace: $2.)	Paris water-front and underworld are background for two more absorbing Maigret adventures.	Although both tales display French sleuth's heterodox methods at their best they are better as psychological studies than detective stories.	Compelling
MURDER BEHIND THE MIKE *R. L. Goldman* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Slick Nazi propagandists engineer killing in radio studio. Exuberant and perceptive reporter Reed cracks the case.	Newspaper and broadcasting backgrounds voraciously handled. Action steady and dialogue peppery. Detection good, although killer is rather shadowy.	Satisfactory
THE ALARM OF THE BLACK CAT *D. B. Olsen* (Crime Club: $2.)	Shabby California house conceals murders and assorted hatreds, cleared up, at her peril, by septuagenarian spinster.	Lieutenant Mayhew and Miss Rachel Murdock sift family tragedies satisfactorily with possibly more shivers than detection.	Average
A MAN LAY DEAD *Ngaio Marsh* (Sheridan House: $2.)	Dagger thrust finishes English gentleman as week-end party Murder Game begins. Insp. Alleyn does his stuff.	Marsh enthusiasts will find interest in reading about first meeting of Alleyn and Bathgate. Otherwise fair to middlin'.	Readable
FULL CRASH DIVE *Allan R. Bosworth* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Fatal "accident" to U. S. submarine followed by murders that arouse detective faculties of peppery old admiral and diver Mike Way.	Under sea episodes in dramatic yarn of "pig boats," as well as dirty work on surface, make first class thriller.	Hair-raiser
THE BLACK SHROUDS *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Young dramatic student, living in Dickensian N. Y. boarding house, spots reason for slaying of nice old ladies and other villainy.	Serio-comic (emphasis on latter) yarn that tends to solve itself but has much lively action and great deal of good dialogue.	Worthwhile

Always hot on the trail of Significant Trends, The Gory Gazette proudly announces that the Inner Sanctum Mystery for January, just published, is right in the groove. It is *Footsteps Behind Her*, by MITCHELL WILSON, guaranteed to keep readers looking fearfully over their own shoulders when their eyes aren't glued to its pages.



Because there's no doubt about it. There's a boom in the off-the-beaten-track mystery like *Footsteps Behind Her*. Espionage, dangerous adventure; above all, the escape motif (which Alfred Hitchcock has done to a turn for the movies) are getting handicaps from the straight detective boys these days. Books like *Toast to Tomorrow* and *Above Suspicion* (no, we didn't publish them, worse luck) are stayers on the best-seller lists.

Why? The way we figure it, it's because they add a new element to the story, a kind of double novelty. Not only does the hero chase the villain or villains, but he himself is being chased by them. What fascinates the reader is how hero will get his man —since he *must* emerge triumphant—without getting nailed first in the process.

HOWARD HAYCRAFT takes a more professional stab at explaining the Trend in Mysteries while reviewing *Footsteps Behind Her* in *Harper's Magazine*. Here's what he has to say: "If you feel, as I do these days, that a rousing chase-in-the-dark is just about what the doctor ordered for those war knots in the midriff, then try this light but breathless tale of sinister doings on a transcontinental bus and in Manhattan. Although MITCHELL WILSON has taken part in a previous mystery collaboration (last season's *The Goose Is Cooked* by EMMETT HOGARTH), this little dandy is his first recorded solo flight. It will not be his last."

Probably you have a brilliant explanation of your own. But if you want to forget the whole thing, and just have yourself a whale of an exciting time, read

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by Mitchell Wilson
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Notes after "Israfel"

EDGAR ALLAN POE, A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1941. 804 *pp.* $5.

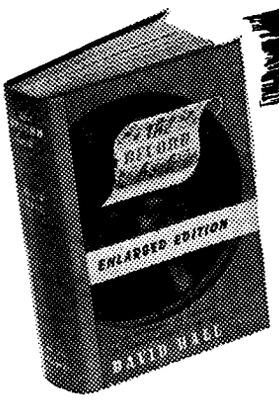
Reviewed by W. K. WINSATT, JR.

THE reader who wants a story about Poe, a series of pictures that stick in the imagination, must still turn to Mr. Allen's romantic "Israfel." The same reader will probably not get into Professor Quinn's critical biography at all. Yet this book about Poe is of a sort which has been for some years badly needed. "Israfel" has the merit of leaving impressions on the imagination, but too many of them are wrong. "Israfel" is not a book where one can very handily find the evidence for anything. The same may be said of Mary E. Phillips's jumbled and cryptic "Poe the Man." Now for the first time in the history of Poe studies it is possible to consult an index, turn to a page, and find a frank exposition of reasons for and against believing a given Poe tradition. And by this kind of praise I do not mean to suggest only a sound book of reference. Anyone who has ever been interested in getting anything straight about Poe and has struggled with the available books will hail this biography with delight and will read it. The desire for clear truth will lead him on. It will be a sober but real joy to find the mazes of mystification made easy—a gratification like reading the last chapter of a detective story.

Unobtrusively, on page after page, Professor Quinn corrects the reveries and gossip of his forerunners. See, for example, his fine essay, in connection with Baltimore Mary, on discrimination in crediting the reminiscences of seventy-one-year-old ladies. Or see his precision in running to the ground the myth of Poe's secret marriage—a model procedure for this kind of detective work. Or the exposure of Griswold's nasty forgeries—this is magnificent work. And some parts of the book are almost whole cloth of new and valuable material. For the first time the theatrical careers of Elizabeth Arnold and David Poe appear in some clarity. The Allan papers at the Library of Congress and the Valentine Museum in Richmond have been consulted more carefully than ever before.

Yet his skill and enthusiasm in brightening the events of Poe's career have their complement, perhaps inevitable, in a weaker side of the book. Doubtless it will always be true that a Poe book must be written by a Poe man, and that a Poe man is one who believes wholeheartedly in Poe. The result here is that we have another biography in the honeysuckle tradition. This is no great defect in the purely biographical parts, for the evidence persuades the reader to his own conclusion (which, for example, must be that if Allan was mean and adulterous, Poe was shifty and ungrateful) —and Professor Quinn may be allowed his concern for "the only explanation which would save Poe's reputation for honesty." The trouble comes in the estimate of Poe's mind in art, to which indeed a good many pages are devoted. Professor Quinn can tell us that "no one of the verses is exactly like the others in metrical structure," or that "if the exquisite lyrics of Nesace are not poetry, there is no such thing as poetry." He can in the opposite scale admit the uncouth aggressions of Poe as a reviewer or his misconceptions about English verse. Yet he shows not the faintest inclination to recognize the fact that in recent times Poe as poet and critic has come in for some heavy bombardment, that there may be many, and qualified readers who hear in Poe's rhythms only a vulgar walloping, or see in "Ulalume" only a disorderly indulgence in mystification, who in fine consider Poe's theory only a consistent account of a practice that was radically bad. Such a contemporary disaffection was not a thing to play possum about. Now was the time for a literary biographer to take up seriously and analytically the problem of Poe's esthetic, to show the vindication—if there is one.

Or take the matter of the ratiocinative pose. "Eureka," which Professor Quinn discusses admirably and at length in the light of modern physics, and the other examples of Poe's interest in scientific or quasi-scientific speculation, are not tests of whether he really possessed an unusual faculty of analysis, of whether he could reason to the solution of mysteries. The "Barnaby Rudge" review, where Professor Quinn admits the limitation of Poe's feat, lies again in another realm. Poe, who in his stories worked from the answer back to the problem, simply saw in part through the plans of another story-writer.



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TRADE WINDS

"THE reading room of the British Museum has just opened up again." This excerpt from a letter, written by young Morley Kennerley of Faber & Faber, is a heartening revelation of British courage and spirit. It is a simple sentence and yet it contains, to our way of thinking, some important military information. For one, it shows complete faith of the British in maintaining air supremacy over their homeland; it shows, too, that the hazards and havocs of war have not dimmed the quest for learning of scholars in democratic countries, and finally, that free people and free minds are the bulwarks against Axis aggression.

☞But while the reading room of the British Museum will again be in the hands of its friends, Faber & Faber, like other British publishing houses, are having increasing difficulty in securing material for the publishing of books. While books are being sold and read more than ever in England, publishers cannot supply the demand. "We are devilishly busy," writes Mr. Kennerley, "and are selling every book we can produce, but in addition to the paper shortage, we are now having a frightful time getting books bound, for the Government has not only taken over factories for work, but is pinching the workers in those binderies which still function. As I said above, we have 250 titles out of print and this complicates our invoicing and bookkeeping tremendously as you well can imagine—entering up and holding over orders, etc. We used to write up the invoice and then look out the books —now we have to look out the books and write up the invoice afterwards."

★ ★

☞January is a month of distinguished literary birthdays. Jack London, Edgar Allan Poe, and Robert Burns were born in this wintry month. We like to believe that London came into this world during a howling storm that drove southward from the Alaskan coast to the Golden Gate. This would be the omen of the great San Franciscan's love for the great spaces of snow and ice. And, in truth, perhaps it is, for in recalling the brilliant tales —"Burning Daylight," "White Fang," and "Call of the Wild," we know that London must have been born (1876) with love for the wilds. Lewis Carroll's birthday is on the 27th. While ordinarily this is a poor month for book sales, we believe the alert bookseller could do an effective promotion job by displaying and advertising the works of these great writers.

☞It is with pleasure that we record receipt of "An Almanack for Booklovers, 1942." It is a diverse selection of curiosia from Thucydides to Christopher Morley. Published by Roy Vernon Sowers, a bookseller in San Francisco, it offers to booklovers contributions "from divers Authours these past 500 Years." It is printed by the Grabhorn Press, and reveals, for instance, that the first book auction held in England was in 1676. We also find Charles Lamb's reflections on "An Old Library." There are scores of other fascinating excerpts dealing with books and literary matters. There are 28 illustrations from woodcuts of the sixteenth century.

★ ★

☞A sixth printing, of 5,000 copies, of "Civil Air Defense," by Lieutenant-Colonel Augustin M. Prentiss, U.S.A., has just reached the bookstores. Published last May, the book has been in the best-seller class since Pearl Harbor.

★ ★

☞Says Random House: Carl Randau and his wife, Leane Zugsmith, have been working like six-day bicycle riders completing their new book, "The Setting Sun of Japan." One wrote while the other slept. The authors came home from Japan on the next to the last boat that made the trip.

☞Speaking of bicycles, we hope you haven't forgotten how to ride.

★ ★

Book Babble: Robert Frost's first book of verse in six years will be published by Henry Holt and Company on March 23 . . . Lieutenant W. J. Holmes, who writes under the name of Alex Hudson, is safe after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. His latest book, "Rendezvous," has just been published . . . John A. Reeves (co-author with George Freedley of 'A History of the Theatre") will do a book on Richmond, Virginia, from 1861-1865 . . . Joseph

A Gentle Tap upon the Dor-en

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

(Written after reading, and enjoying, Carl Van Doren's exegesis of Benedict Arnold's treason—based upon the private papers of Sir Henry Clinton which now are available in the library of the University of Michigan.)

DWELLER in grove of Academe,
Diagnostician of things historic,
You are appraising a tender theme,
Hence this mild dose of paregoric.
Stir it in milk of kindness while
Tracing the curves of alluring Shippen;
Stifle the bubbling of atrabile;
You're not dissecting a Doctor Crippen.

Lay aside scholar meticulousness.
Blonde, with blue eyes, and a trifle leggy,
Lips saying No when her smile said Yes;
That's the real story of Arnold's Peggy.
Story enough, with a bit to spare,
For she was staunch in her final choosing;
Flappers will wed, and a wife will dare;
André knew this at his tragic noosing.

Ambitious jade? Why shouldn't she be?
Life beckoned warmly, with boldness flaming.
Mate of a paladin, how could she
Fathom the menace of treason's maiming?
Proof in her letters? What matters ink
Blurred upon crumbling sheets of paper?
Acid turns litmus blue to pink;
History's foggy with such vapor.

Was she not lovely? Was she not brave,
After her gay, patrician fashion?
Aye, she was both—let biographers rave—
True to her star and her hero passion.
Savant, look deeper. Be fair to her,
Blonde, achly pouting, a trifle leggy.
We shall forgive you them, learned sir.
Long ago we forgave Tory Peggy.

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Newman, *Herald-Tribune* correspondent in Tokio, is the last American newspaper man to leave Japan . . . He is completing a book about that unhappy island . . . The Alliance Book Corporation and the Philosophical Library have announced that the Philosophical Library books will be published under a joint imprint . . . Alliance will handle the trade and do the promotion . . . Hollywood producer Lucien Hubbard has just finished the novel "Rivers to the Sea" for Simon & Schuster . . . "Mission to Moscow," first non-fiction best-seller of the New Year . . . "Rats, Lice, and History" due for a grand comeback in connection with the epidemic raging in Eastern Europe . . . "You Can't Do Business with Hitler" comes out in a French edition soon after joining the Pocket Books family . . . The Japs have just published a *pirated* edition of "The Family," by Nina Federova . . . The Rounce and Coffin Club of Los Angeles will hold their annual exhibition of Western Books, 1942, despite the war; publishers and printers interested in submitting books should address inquiries to Gregg Anderson, 1936 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.—deadline, January 31st . . . L. B. Fischer Publishing Co., the new house, will have its first trade list out early in March.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Abnormally long noses.
2. Both were jesters.
3. Each constantly carried an umbrella.
4. Each was minus a leg.
5. They wrote while in prison.
6. They were ghosts.
7. Each was famed for his archery.
8. Both were prostitutes.
9. They were Shakespearean actors.
10. After disappearing, they were declared legally dead.
11. Each spent some time in jail.
12. They were barbers.
13. Speedy round trips were their forte.
14. Each shot himself.
15. They were entirely imaginary.
16. Each of these detective story writers is two other guys named Frederic Dannay and Manfred Lee.
17. They were prizefighters.
18. Each of these ladies found a boy friend who was ship-wrecked on her island home.
19. They were school teachers.
20. Each had a hook in place of a hand.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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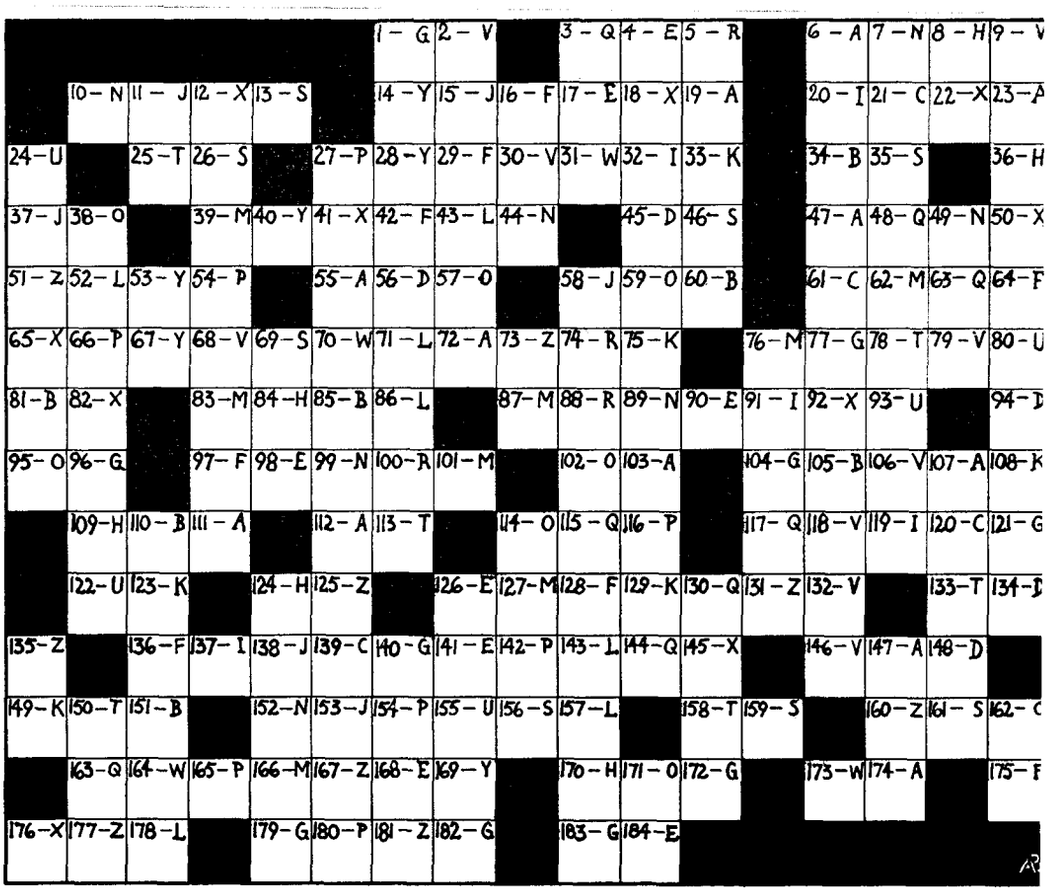

Double-Crostics: No. 409

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 9 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Jan. 19, 1807 (holiday in ten Southern states; 2 wds.)

B. Celestial.

C. River in France.

D. Daughter of Malay mother and European father (Java).

E. After a relatively long period (phrase).

F. Gave back in balancing accounts.

G. Heavy or oppressive burden (2 wds.)

H. Flat-bottomed boat tapering toward the end.

I. Shade of gray.

J. American lawyer, statesman, orator (1799-1859).

K. Nymph on Mt. Ida enamoured of Paris.

L. City in Mississippi.

M. Inclined to exclusiveness.

N. Alecto, Tisiphone, Megaera.

O. Most abundant fish on Atlantic coast (bait and fertilizer).

P. Not straightforward; tending to mislead.

Q. African city destroyed in the Punic Wars.

R. Number of related heroic poems.

S. Co-author of *Mutiny on the Bounty.*

T. Emitting thundering tones.

U. Ebb and flow.

V. Colony on the Delaware River, founded in 1638.

W. Mt. from which Moses viewed Canaan.

X. Concerning (phrase: 3 wds.)

Y. Culmination, apex.

Z. Languor, sluggishness.

WORDS

47 111 174 103 6 112 107 72 147 23 55 19

60 151 105 81 110 34 85

139 61 120 21

134 45 56 148 94

4 17 168 98 141 90 184 126

136 16 29 42 128 175 64 97

172 121 1 96 179 77 183 140 182 104

124 170 36 8 109 84

119 32 91 137 20

138 37 15 11 58 153

129 108 75 123 149 33

157 52 43 71 86 178 143

83 62 127 76 39 166 101 87

7 152 89 49 44 99 10

114 38 171 59 102 57 162 95

142 116 27 180 165 54 66 154

117 48 130 63 3 115 163 144

88 100 74 5

69 26 156 13 161 159 46 35

158 150 25 133 113 78

80 93 122 155 24

9 106 79 2 146 118 132 30 68

31 70 173 164

12 82 65 22 50 41 18 145 92 176

169 14 67 53 28 40

167 131 177 181 73 160 51 135 125

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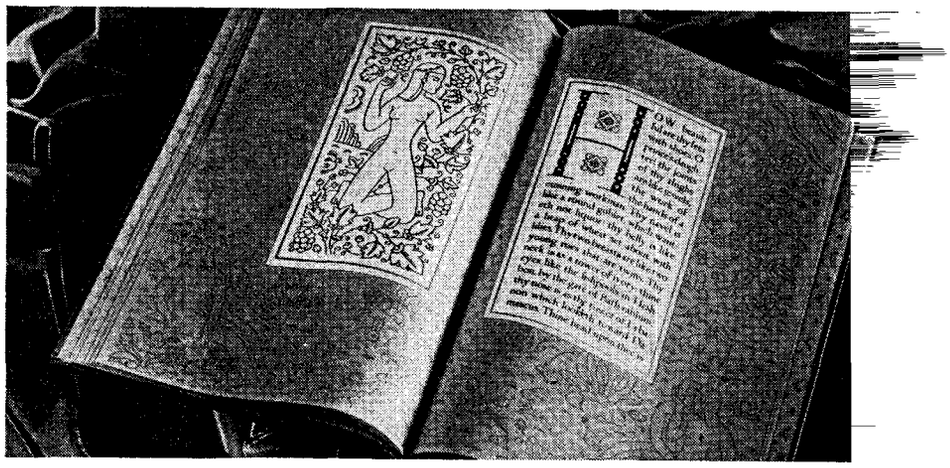

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